

the myriad young lives whose blood at last
had to wash out the nation's guilt! the massa-
cre of an idolized chief magistrate
crowning and sealing the sacrifice! Ver-
ily, for my own sake and salvation, I did not
come in the darkness, to Foster Place, too soon!

A beautiful letter from your noble Will-
iam accompanied your Autograph, which I shall
gladly and gratefully answer at the earliest oppor-
tunity. The only sad thing it told was of your
very painful affection of the knee. I had heard
of that several times before. The Doctors, one
would think, should be able to wrestle suc-
cessfully with rheumatism or neuralgia;
but if there be displacement or decay of some
part, the difficulty may now be beyond their reach. Let
me tender you my sincerest sympathy in every suf-
fering, in every sorrow mingled in your cup.

And now, my very dear friend, if you will
forgive this, I fear unreasonably long trespass on your
time and patience, I will close; only asking to be
kindly and lovingly remembered to Mrs. Garrison
and your whole family circle whom I once knew so well,
and who are about you; and to subscribe, with ten-
thousand pleasant memories, faithfully and fondly yours,
Parker Pillsbury.

I found you in ^{Lower} Fort Place in 1839, you being then exactly in mid life as now reached and I just five years, wanting three months your junior, both then young, both strong.

And now you are in your "seventieth year"? But no matter for the years. I like our spiritual visitants in that they know no dates and times of ours. Your work is your age. And one day with you should be as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. I know no other instance, where one's whole battle, victory and triumph, were so complete as yours; and all before the seventieth earthly year was finished.

I have seen several persons who proudly claimed to have raised and commanded the first company of colored troops, in the war of rebellion. Of course there could have been only one, such. But I do now deem it an honor to have come down from the pulpit, not the first, but at the moment when nearly all your clerical helpers and most of their discipleship, forsook you and fled! a scene, the nearest parallel to which in history, so far as I know, was in the dark night and the garden of Gethsemane. How glad would you have saved

redeem a Pledge your Association had made to the American A. S. Society. The Institution declined to dismiss me as it Mr. Collins: tried to tempt and flatter me with promises and prophecies of great usefulness and success in the Ministry, which even a three months service in your behalf as a Society, would greatly impair.

But the conviction was strong upon me; so I ran away that evening, Carpet bag in hand, went to Boston, sought you out and you went with me round to Mr. & Mrs. Chapman's in West Street, where I was commissioned, and the next morning took stage for Fitchburg, and on the following day, which was Sunday, commenced my life work, preaching in the Congregational Church in the morning and in the evening and on Monday evening lecturing on Slavery, completed a two months agency in Worcester County before the New York Anniversary then preached nine months in Loudon, near Concord New Hampshire; then occupied Mr. Rogers's editorial post while he accompanied you to the World's Convention, in London, since which time, my field of work has been the world.

To W. L. Garrison, from Parker Pillsbury. (Autobiographical.)

Toledo, Ohio, 15th Dec. 1874.

My very dear friend.

I have no words, there are no words to thank you as I would for the beautiful shadow of yourself received safely last Saturday; the autograph and all, making it nearly materialization, so much was reproduced of the part in connexion with it. I hope you will read between my lines, a gratitude and gladness, which no language can express.

Your autograph and chiropgraphy are just as strong and clear also, as your picture. I have seldom seen its superior; never its equal, when the writer was.

"In his seventieth year!"

There is a pathos in those words moistening to my eyes. I first met you to become acquainted when you lived in a little court, off Belmont St. nearly opposite Hollis, called I think ^{Seaver} Foster Place. Andover Seminary had dismissed John A. Collins at his own request, and he became General Agent of the Mass. A. S. Society. Then he came back to Andover and induced me and another or two to become his auxiliaries to raise money to